

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

All business, news letters or telegraphic despatches must be addressed New York Herald.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE—NO. 112 SOUTH SIXTH STREET.

LONDON OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK HERALD—NO. 40 FLEET STREET.

PARIS OFFICE—AVENUE DE L'OPERA.

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE—NO. 7 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscriptions and advertisements will be received and forwarded on the same terms as in New York.

VOLUME XLII.....NO. 117

AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—ROBBERY.

HELLE'S THEATRE—PRESTIDIGITATION.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—ROMEO AND JULIET.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE—FRODO.

GILMORE'S CONCERT GARDEN—SOMER'S CONCERT.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—VIRGO.

BOWERY THEATRE—MIRAGE.

NEW YORK AQUARIUM—QUICK FISHES.

TIVOLI THEATRE—VARIETY.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE—ROMEO AND JULIET.

COLUMBIA OPERA HOUSE—VARIETY.

ACAD. MY OF DESIGN—ANALYTICAL EXHIBITION.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN—VARIETY.

QUADRUPLE SHEET.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MAY 27, 1877.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In future all advertisements presented for publication after eight o'clock P. M. will be charged double rates.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather in New York to-day will be warmer and fair or partly cloudy, with occasional showers.

WALL STREET YESTERDAY.—The stock market was very dull and without interest.

There was a pretty general decline at the close, and the market finished weak.

Gold opened at 107 and fell to 106 3/4, at which figure it closed.

Government bonds were quiet, and, in sympathy with gold, somewhat lower.

While railroad bonds were dull and irregular.

Money on call was easy at 1 1/2 to 2 1/4 per cent, the closing rates being the lowest of the day.

No fireworks on the glorious Fourth.

AN OLD CITIZEN wants the reservoir saved.

BROOKLYN IS JOINING in the crusade against will milk.

A NEW FOUR-IN-HAND will run from Brooklyn to Coey Island.

EX-SPEAKER RANDALL has declared in favor of a change in our commercial policy.

THE WESTCHESTER POLO CLUB will play their first match this season on next Tuesday.

A SPITZ DOG rescued from the pound in Philadelphia expressed his joy by biting off a child's ear.

BURGULARY by a chief of police is the latest from Connecticut. The culprit has been arrested.

RECEIVER APPLEBY filed his report yesterday in the matter of the Metropolitan Insurance Company.

CALIFORNIA JUDGES should steer clear of "banco" in New York. Orrin C. Platt has learned this from experience.

ENGLAND is excited about the probable winner of the Derby, while the Russians play their little game in Asia Minor.

THE FASHIONABLE EXODUS for Europe has set in, and the outgoing steamers are crowded with saloon passengers.

THE DIVORCE SUIT of Mrs. Roe against her husband for cruel and inhuman treatment has been decided in her favor.

THE "BULLS" and "BEARS" had a little target practice yesterday at Creedmoor, but did not succeed in getting up a corner in bull's eyes.

THE VEIL has not yet been lifted from the Gunner murder, and the gossips insist that the widow knows more of the tragedy than she cares to reveal.

THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN and Mayor Ely are unhappy over the appointment of the new Police Commissioner. The Fathers will not have a republican.

THE LAWSUIT between the Countess Heinrich and the executors of Dan Marley, the old furniture man, reads like a chapter out of a sensational novel.

THE VASSAR GIRLS invaded West Point yesterday and met with a warm reception from the cadets, several of whom were severely wounded in the encounter.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY last week ordained seven priests and conferred holy orders on some eighty-four postulants. The ceremonies were very impressive.

JUDGE BARNARD yesterday allowed the Huested divorce case to be reopened. The husband now charges his wife with improper conduct, and the case promises to become still more notorious.

BEN BUTLER, it is said, has resolved to take himself and his fortunes to Colorado. New England is by far too small and too inconspicuous a place for a man of his wide embracing sympathies.

In his new home in the Centennial State he will devote himself to the pastoral occupation of sheep shearing, abandoning for the nonce the political warpath. It would be, however, a astonishing to see the gentle Ben B. turn up in Washington a full fledged Senator.

THE WEATHER.—The conditions have changed but little since Friday. The area of high pressure still extends over all the region between the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic as far southward as the Gulf and northward of the fiftieth parallel.

Rains have fallen on the Middle and North Atlantic coasts, but did not extend far inland. Light rains have also fallen in the Missouri and Platte valleys, and in the Southwest.

The winds at all points have been from fresh to moderate, but owing to the movement of many small disturbances were very variable through the day.

The low pressures in the Northwest and off Nova Scotia have caused the usual marginal winds in each case. The heat area within the isotherm of seventy degrees was far to the southward in the morning, but during the afternoon advanced north of Tennessee and in the Mississippi Valley as far as Pembina in a narrow zone.

In Manitoba a distinct heat area is central and overpreads a considerable district where the temperature is remarkably high. Cloudiness prevails in the lower lake region, the Middle States and northeastern districts, and also in the Northwest. At all other points the weather is fair or clear.

In New York to-day it will be warmer and fair or partly cloudy, with occasional showers.

A Lesson for New York—How London Is Made a Healthy City.

Among the many complaints of the recent misgovernment of New York there are none so well founded as those about the sanitary conditions of the metropolis.

Many, many evil things have been done under the pretence of "government" by the adventurers and vagabonds who have from time to time ruled this city.

But the one evil thing for which they never can be forgiven is to be found in the fact that, while New York, from its situation, its proximity to the sea, the rock formations underneath, the ease with which it can be drained, should be one of the healthiest cities in the world, it is one of the most unhealthy.

There is no city in Europe or America with so dismal a death rate. We have to go to Turkey, to the squalid, swarming masses of Asia, to find a parallel.

We do not think it any exaggeration to say that the reign of Tweed and Tammany Hall alone cost New York thousands of lives—lives of children swept away by diphtheria and scarlet fever, lives of men and women sacrificed to typhus and small-pox.

We do not, of course, attribute the presence of these diseases to Tweed's misrule. The cause, thus far, lies beyond the reach of government or of science.

But we do say that if New York had been ruled with intelligence and honesty those diseases would have been held in check, as is done in Paris and London; malaria would have been extinguished and thousands of lives saved.

And if we are not doing any better now than when the monumental robber of the age was at the head of the government it is because the policy of burglary has been followed by a policy of stifling.

The wild, criminal extravagance of the old régime has given way to a mean, narrowing policy which believes that the way to rule a city is to strangle it.

So we remain where we were when the bediamonded rascals of the American Club were our masters and when highway robbery was a recognized industry.

It is because we would have our rulers arouse to the true value of their work that we print elsewhere a description of the methods by which London is cleaned and governed in a sanitary way.

The death rate in London is much lower than in New York, and yet it falls behind our metropolis in many of the essential conditions of healthfulness and salubrity.

London is inland. It borders a narrow stream. The climate is humid, foggy, depressing. These fogs come sometimes at midday—exhalations from sea and soil—and darkness over spreads the noon as the shadows overspread the night.

At times there are incessant rains. Last autumn, according to the newspapers, it rained for a hundred days. There are certain diseases which, from these causes, may be almost regarded as peculiar to London—diseases of the chest and throat and lungs.

It may be called a city where the sun never shines—at least with that radiant, glorious, life-impelling light which we have in New York so many days in the year, and which our English friends are compelled to seek on the Nile or the Mediterranean.

Yet, with all these disadvantages, the English metropolis is one of the healthiest in the world. And, notwithstanding the advances of sanitary effort, the rulers of London are still striving to improve its condition.

The reader will find a record of these efforts in the letters of our London correspondent. The rulers are in a constant war with malaria and dirt and disease. The streets are cleaned by a well-drilled force, whose work is done as surely as the sun goes down.

The sewers are well built, and they carry their burden to the sea. They are not like the mock sewers of the Tweed days, which gave way before the first tide, or were left unfinished and covered up to become pest holes and fever nests.

Rigid sanitary laws are imposed upon the people. No man can be a law unto himself and to his neighbor so far as the generation of nuisances is concerned. He must respect the general law, which subordinates the cupidity and selfishness of the one to the welfare of all.

"But a system like this of Paris or London will cost money," we are told by the timid souls who now claim to "govern" New York. Of course it will cost money.

If there is one thing we want to do it is to pay money—for the general welfare. We are not a mean people. We are ready to give our rulers imperial power if they will show an imperial intelligence.

We are prepared to spend twenty millions of dollars on the improvement of New York, knowing that it will bring back a hundred millions in another generation. But we want this money to go to its true use, and not to a horde of Ingersolls and Garveys and Woodwards.

First of all, we want a thorough sanitary system. Let us carry out the noble policy of the men who built the Croton Aqueduct, men who did a Roman work and who are worthy of Roman fame.

Our whole sewer system should be revised. Every foot of the main sewers should be examined, and where weak made whole. These sewers should be extended so as to embrace not only the developed sections of the city but the outlying sections, which one day will be the seat of a metropolis in itself.

We should drain all the low lands around Harlem and lower Westchester. The little creeks and streams, like Spuyten Duyvil, Harlem, the Bronx and the country around New Rochelle and Pelham, should all be surveyed and drained.

The marshes should be dried up. During the last few winters these regions have been as unhealthy as the Campagna at Rome.

The frost never comes without bringing fever, and although it does not assume the fatal character of Roman fevers there is no knowing what possibilities lie in its development.

We must remember that the fearful Roman fever in its present phase belongs to modern civilization. It had been conquered by the Caesars before they thought of conquering the world.

Let us do the same with New York. Science has shown us how we can take this city, and drawing a line from Yonkers across to New Rochelle make the territory south of the line as healthy as any spot in the world.

To be sure it will cost money, but money where life and prosperity are concerned is the least consideration. We want men to govern who know what to do with money. All

this claptrap about "the rights of the people," "the will of the majority," "popular sovereignty" and so on is cant when applied to such a problem as how to make New York a healthy city.

What sanitary rights had the people under Tweed, but the right to die of typhus or see their children die of diphtheria?

What other rights have they now under the peddling, twopenny policy which is called government?

What we need in New York is a thorough business government. That is to say, all matters connected with the machinery of this vast city, with the lives, the happiness, the health of a million of people, should be intrusted to business men, and not to the leaders of the runshop and the prize ring.

It is purely a business matter. It is not democracy nor republicanism that we need, but common sense and honesty.

Give us a radical like Wendell Phillips, or a rebel like Jefferson Davis—we do not care about his convictions on national affairs if he can collect and expend the millions needed to keep New York in order and give us the best result for the money.

This is the point to which politics in New York city, so far as the city is concerned, is driving. When we see what London does to become one of the healthiest cities in the world; when we see what Paris has done, and what it does every day, to become the most magnificent city in the world; when we think what New York might become—as salubrious as London and as splendid as Paris—we are filled with shame.

There is but one cure. We must build up a party of common sense and honesty. We do not want another Citizens' Association with its expenses paid by Sweeny.

We do not want another Committee of Seventy whose leaders are anxious about offices. We do not want "reform" movements directed by men to whom reform means salaries out of the treasury.

We do not want a liberal, simple, direct policy, and all men should unite to labor for it. In the first place the city must be severed from its dependence upon Albany.

Let us have a hundred-years' charter, made for a century, and no more annual charters, which are blackmailing raids upon the treasury of the city and the property of the people.

Let the government of the metropolis be reduced to a business basis and the result will be felt by the whole Union.

Then we may look for sanitary laws that will secure the people all the blessings of an unrivalled climate and situation. Then we may have rapid transit which will bring Yonkers and New Rochelle as close to the Battery as Chiswell and Seven Oaks are to London.

Then the commerce of the world may find our docks as commodious as those of Liverpool. Then we may hope to see our boulevard system, the one thing of the Tweed régime for which we may be grateful, carried out.

Then will New York be worthy of her regal seat as the metropolis of the American continent. The first step in this reform is the adoption of thorough sanitary laws.

Our rulers may learn what they can do in this respect by reading what has been done in London.

News from the East.

If the report of the destruction of another Turkish gunboat by the Russians on the Danube proves to be true the Turks will begin to regard torpedoes as "bad medicine."

These terrible engines of destruction strike below the armor belt, and while rendering an immense charm in the ship generally insure the destruction of the crew as well.

As bearing on the defence of the Danube the loss of two large gunboats will necessarily have a very depressing effect on the Turks, whose confidence was considerably strengthened by the possession, as they thought, of the control of the navigation.

While discussions at Constantinople hamper the government a little war cloud is gathering on the Greek frontier.

It is natural that the sympathies of the Greek should go out to his co-religionists of Russia, especially when a considerable acquisition of territory is likely to reward him for his timely action in menacing the Turks.

In the event of hostilities in the "tideless Aegean" it will be interesting to Europe to know what attitude the English fleet will assume when Hobart Pacha's iron-clads are bombarding the Piræus.

The account given by our correspondent at St. Petersburg of Russia's intentions in connection with the present war is highly interesting.

Constantinople as a free port under the protection of the great Powers of Europe and the extension of the Russian Pacific seaboard southward at the expense of China would certainly work a great change in the commercial world, and one from which all civilized nations would derive a benefit.

The Coaching Club Parade.

The first parade this season of the New York Coaching Club, yesterday, was a proof that four-in-hand driving is a recreation already firmly and permanently established in this city.

Nothing of the kind equal to it in splendor has ever been seen in this country, and it rivalled similar displays in London.

There were eleven coaches in line, some of them new and built expressly for this season, and the procession, led by the President of the club, Mr. Jay, and closed by Vice President Kane, left Madison square in the afternoon and returned to the Brunswick Hotel in the evening, after a pleasant drive through Central Park.

The weather was not altogether favorable, but the ladies, whose presence added to the beauty of the spectacle, did not care for an occasional sprinkling of a May shower.

The interest taken in this novel amusement by the public was shown by the fact that at least twenty thousand people assembled on Fifth avenue to see the parade, and that the usual number of visitors to the Park was very largely increased.

Fortunately, New York has many facilities for four-in-hand driving. Fifth avenue only needs to be better paved in parts to be a magnificent road to the Park, through which there are charming drives, while for those who prefer long excursions there are the roads to New Rochelle, Coney Island and other places, on which the full speed of a first rate four-in-hand and skill in driving can be effectively displayed.

The Coaching Club deserves congratulation on the brilliant beginning of the season, and it is to be hoped that the remarkable parade of yesterday will be followed by others during the summer. The

success already won by the New York club leaves no reason to doubt that coaching will become as popular in America as it has been for many years in England.

Our London and Paris Cable Letters.

It is something so unusual to see the mass of French republicans sitting quietly down and grinning at a time when, by all the traditions, one should expect them to be up in arms and vociferating, that we cannot fail to call the world's attention to the spectacle.

To see MacMahon and all the old fogies whose shibboleth is "order and respectability" going around assuring people that they do not intend to cut up murderous monkey shins is funny enough, but that they should be performing before an amused audience of the large majority of Frenchmen touches our risibles even over here.

We do not learn much this week of the Parisian gossies and social scandals that go on, no matter who is in the Cabinet or who is on the sidewalk, but we contend that the picture of the fiery French republicans waiting cool as cucumbers for their revenge is a treat, because it is a surprise.

London complains of being chilly and of not seeing the sun often, but we are somewhat surprised that our London correspondent should deem the latter clause to be news.

The impression here in America is that Londoners do not see the luminary of day more than once every five years, and that then it has much the same effect on the inhabitants of Cockneydom that an eclipse has on the Chinese.

Whitsuntide, we believe, is one of the periods at which the Cockneys go out to look for the white sun—that is something different from the usual red or yellow disk "shorn of its beams," which Mr. Milton, the English poet, sung of after he had seen the genuine sun during his travels in Italy.

We therefore conclude that the hundreds of thousands who went out to the London suburbs last Monday came back disappointed and that the scientific old gentlemen of the Greenwich Observatory who said they had seen the sun twelve times in one hundred hours told a white lie, to soothe the disconsolate Londoners by hinting that they were not looking up at the right time.

Fifty years ago the matter would have passed without comment, but when ignorance gets faith in science it is apt to wreak its disappointment on the scientist who does not come up to their expectations.

A dim idea that the time is coming when the people will hang false weather prophets may have inspired the Observatory gentlemen's rash statement.

We hope that the English people will have shaped their resolution how to treat General Grant before he arrives on their shores.

We are not sure that he will care much whether My Lord Duke calls on him first or last; but so they allow him to have a pleasant time without too much boring and red tape he will be pleased, for he can always please himself.

What the Irish people have collected for the Pope will surprise many who are not aware how much the Pope has done for them.

Such tidbits of social, literary and theatrical gossip as are to be gathered in the capitals will be found in their proper places.

What! Can It Be Possible?

This is the exclamation with which a correspondent calling himself "Brother Jonathan" commenced a letter opposing our proposition to abolish the indiscriminate use of firecrackers, guns and pistols on the Fourth of July.

But perhaps the fairest way is to give Jonathan's letter in full. So here it is:—

To the Editor of the Herald:—

What! Can it be possible that you, commanding the voice of the people, I might say, should give utterance to such an expression as to prevent the children of New York from spending their Fourth of July as you and I used to spend it when we were boys? Do you mean that, had we been prohibited the use of our torpedoes, firecrackers and cannon d'infant, we would have said "good day" to the Fourth of July?

I say we should not, especially as I recall my first investment in artillery, which consisted of a mounted brass cannon, and cost me thirty cents; but what it cost me in labor and absence from work in candy, apples, peanuts and the like was almost unbearable.

Ah! but when the day came, and I, with my new cannon, powder and fuse, went down on the sidewalk to set "her" off, I felt as though I owned the country whose independence I was about to celebrate.

And who can tell but there are a great many doing the same now as I did then, saving that they possess to have a grand Fourth of July in their own way.

The youths must have a day to show their patriotism, as it commemorates an act which made us a constituted nation, which we still hold sacred and which is now honored all over the world.

So let its celebration be as it always was. If the forefathers of our country considered it a fit way to celebrate the day, so should we uphold it as we do their acts and actions, which leave us as we are to-day, a free and united people that God bless!

BROTHER JONATHAN.

Well, Jonathan is overdoing with patriotism, and no doubt he is a true American, who will tell his weeping relatives on his deathbed, "Roll me up in the American flag and blow me up with a ton of firecrackers when I'm dead."

But nevertheless, Brother Jonathan, it won't do. We are not to be drawn off by such touching letters.

It is very cruel, no doubt, from Jonathan's point of view, to so speak, go back on our youth; but even the fond remembrance of the glories of those distant days must not tempt us to advocate the inestimable privilege on the part of juvenile Americans to blow out their precious little brains, to set fire to houses, to frighten horses and old ladies, to fill the streets with vile odors and to make themselves a general nuisance.

We prefer that Young America should have his pyrotechnics in a safe way, under safe supervision, with quite as much real enjoyment as of yore to that juvenile patriot, but without any of the risks, Brother Jonathan, rest content.

Pulpit Topics To-Day.

The approach of Decoration Day has suggested an appropriate theme for Sabbath consideration to some of our city pastors.

Dr. Wescott, Mr. Pullman, Mr. Frothingham and others will speak of flowers and patriotism and love for one's kind.

The Turco-Russian war will find vent here in the sayings of Mr. Thomoff, a Bulgarian, and Mr. Banerjee, an East Indian, and in the utterances of Mr. Alger, who will present the causes of wars and the motives that should lead to the abolition of war, and, in the words of Mr. Martyn, who will advocate the patriotism of peace.

Mr. McCarthy will take a just pride in a review of the year's struggles of himself and his church on this, their first anniversary. It will have a double significance now in view of the ordeal through which he is passing before the

highest tribunal of his denomination, albeit he is being burnished rather than blackened by the process.

Mr. Wakeman will show the harmony of the new gospel of science and, no doubt, will leave no further use or place for the old Gospel of Christ.

A very important subject, which is often on the lips and often in the hearts of worldly men, will be considered by Dr. Woodruff—namely, What difference exists, if any, between a real Christian and an honest man of the world?

MacMahon's Dilemma.

Germany holds resolutely to the view that the recent change in the French government is a menace to her, as to all other Powers committed to a policy with regard to the Pope unacceptable to the ultramontane party.

In France, or at all events in the government circles and in official utterances, it is maintained with the greatest energy that this is not true, but that, on the contrary, the change made has no relation whatever to the foreign policy of the government.

In this difference it must be conceded that the Germans are at least the more logical.

If the change made in MacMahon's Cabinet has no relation to the foreign policy of France the ecclesiastical agitators who helped to make this change will be disappointed.

They constitute the party the President depends upon in his defiance of the party that is the exponent of the opinions of the majority of the people.

If they are disappointed they will make their disappointment felt, and upon what will the President and his Ministry rest then? He has thrown over the majority party and made it the enemy of his government because he puts himself in an attitude of hostility to the constitution and even to parliamentary government.

By the choice of a reactionary Ministry he has even alienated and alarmed all those moderate conservatives who oscillate from group to group of the Centres.

He has, therefore, no support but one to be drawn from the party of the Right with priestly and royal sympathies.

They will not insist upon a programme with regard to royalty; but will they support a government that does not accept their views as to Rome and the Pope? Not for a moment.

And if MacMahon accepts their views then he is on the ground which the Germans allege he means to take, and he is in collision morally with the Italian and the German policy.

If he does not change his foreign policy he is at issue with the only party from which he can hope for support, and he must fall.

If he does change his foreign policy he comes into collision with Germany. What course will he choose?

Senator Morton's Bombshell.

Mr. Morton's letter is thought to be a mistake by the Bourbons of both parties. The extreme democratic journals unite with the extreme republicans in denouncing it and him. Why? The country is at last at peace; is this a bad thing? We are likely to have some rest from political excitement; is that a bad thing? The next Congress will not waste a long session in wrangling over the Southern question, but will have time to consider questions of real importance to the country; is that a bad thing?

The country begins to be aware that it has to deal with a lot of politicians who are utterly regardless of its interests, and zealous only for their own advantages. These fellows would make a Mexico of the United States if they had their way.

Their policy is rule or ruin, and they are now abusing President Hayes because they see very plainly that he is not in sympathy with them.

We trust he will go on in his chosen way without the least wavering. He need not be afraid of the Bourbons; he need not conciliate them.

He is sure of a majority of honest men in both houses when Congress meets, and we trust he will not suffer himself to be coerced or bullied by anybody, but that he will go ahead and serve the country, whose interests he seems to us to understand very well.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

The cat and croquet season is upon us. Russian visiting cards are two feet long. Snow shovels make good kindling wood.

The latest fashions are punch and yellow. Lamar will make a solid old speech on politics.

Professor Langston is still hunting for that office.

The Russians are not many kill-ometers from the Turks.

"H. G."—Continued stories are not printed in this column.

A Boston musician is happy when he can Handel a Haydn society.

A Boston woman who was imprisoned took her two pet cats with her.